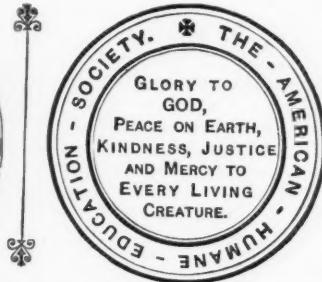


Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy,"



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 28.

Boston, July, 1895.

No. 2.



SUMMER IN THE WOODS.

Electro-Light Engraving Co., cor. Rose, Pearl, and New Chambers St., New York.

NO MAN WANTED PAST 40.

We read in our morning paper of June 9th an application by a church for a pastor, accompanied by the statement that *no man is wanted past 40*.

How many eminent physicians or lawyers can you find that are not past 40?

How many great statesmen—the Bismarcks and Gladstones?

Suppose D. L. Moody had retired at 40, or Rev. Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn, or hundreds of the most eminent divines of both Europe and America?

Where will you find a brighter man than the present Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, now past 70?

Our own life work for dumb animals and humane education *did not begin* until past 40.

We are now 72, without a thought of stopping, and if our physician is right we have a fair chance of ten years more of good service before the curfew bell tolls the hour for retiring.

No man past 40?

What sort of a church is it that wants *no man past 40*?

It is all very well for the boys and girls to keep pushing, but this world would be in a sad condition to-day *without the men and women who are past 40*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THOUGHTS FOR CAPITALISTS.

If France can build a ship canal *as now proposed* from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, 320 miles long, from 144 to 215 feet wide, and 33 feet deep, to admit the largest iron clads, why cannot the United States connect New York, the St. Lawrence River, and the Great Lakes, by a similar canal, which, together with the ship canal now building from Chicago to the Mississippi, would give to the largest steamers an inland passage from New York to New Orleans, and in connection with which

might be laid great pipes to supply a thousand towns and cities with pure lake water?

Let us keep clear of costly wars, and we may give employment to hundreds of thousands of men on these great public improvements of infinite value.

Even in the hardest winters navigation may be kept open by such ice breaking steamers as are now used in Hamburg, or possibly by electricity.

The twentieth century will show results, we think, far in advance of any thus far obtained.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE COMING CENTURY.

Only five years more and we enter the 20th century. What will it bring to our nation? Peace, prosperity, happiness, or civil war, chaos, ruin?

See the enormous concentrations of capital in few hands.

See the millions poured into our Universities and Colleges to educate the intellect, and how little is done there to educate the heart.

See how even our Sunday Schools are being armed with swords, guns and bayonets, and taught military tactics.

See the want of reverence in our institutions of learning and elsewhere.

See the wonderful discoveries in methods of destroying life.

See the growth of vivisection and dissection of animals in our Colleges, High, Normal and Grammar Schools.

See the dishonesty which enters so largely into politics, speculation and trade.

See the growth of prisons and penitentiaries, and the increase of crime.

See the almost constant succession of conflicts between capital and labor.

And then on the other hand, consider our great Charitable Institutions, our Peace Societies, Temperance Societies, Young People's Christian Associations and Unions, both Protestant and Catholic, Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leagues, King's Daughters, Sisters of Mercy and Charity, Red Cross Associations, Societies to protect Dumb Animals, and our "American Humane Education Society," [first of its kind in the world], with its over twenty-two thousand "Bands of Mercy," whose mottoes are, *Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature.*

Consider all these, and how in the coming century this country of ours is sure to be the great battle-ground between the powers of good and evil, and then let every good man and woman throughout our land, who reads these words, determine to say and do all that can be said and done for the preservation of our native land and the triumph of God and humanity.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR ARMED SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

If [as some good people are writing us] it is easier to bring boys into our Sunday Schools and to a knowledge of Christ and Him crucified, by arming them with swords and real or imitation guns, and drilling them according to U. S. army tactics, it is certainly one of the most important discoveries of the nineteenth century, and should be promptly adopted by all our evangelists, and by the missionaries whom we are sending out to convert the heathen.

The Kentuckian, who, when told by his pastor

that he should *love his enemies*, replied "that he couldnt do that, because he had just shot the last one," had evidently never studied the sermon on the Mount.

If our churches of all denominations will become more familiar with the teachings of our "American Humane Education Society's" over twenty-two thousand "Bands of Mercy," on whose banners are inscribed "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every Living Creature," they will find that they can introduce into our Sunday schools something far more interesting and vastly more useful than swords or rifles.

"I believe," wrote Catharine Smithies, "that the teaching of children to be kind to the lower animals is preparing the way for the gospel of Christ."

"I look upon your mission as a sacred one," wrote Frances E. Willard, "not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FIFTY THOUSAND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

Fifty thousand, perhaps sixty thousand, Christian Endeavorers, representing the various Christian states and nations, meet in Boston this month.

We have, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," asked their kind consideration to the two following subjects:—

First. That whenever wars threaten, Christian Endeavorers will, in their respective nations, through great union prayer meetings in every city and town, and petitions to their respective Governments, and efforts to enlist the pulpit and the press, endeavor to secure peace on earth and the settlement of all difficulties by arbitration.

Second. That all Christian Endeavorers throughout the entire world will carefully investigate the importance of teaching and practising everywhere kindness, not only to their own race, but to the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and "the cattle on a thousand hills," and for that purpose will ask and receive from "The American Humane Education Society," without charge, information and assistance.

Was there ever such a convention of Christians from all Christian nations held in the world before?

Was there ever a time before when it was more important than now, that Christians of all nations should unite to promote "Peace on earth and good will to men."

Was there ever a better opportunity than this to call the attention of the youth of all Christian nations to the importance of teaching in all Sunday schools, as well as week-day schools, kindness not only to our own but the lower races whom God has made dependent upon us?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Now and then we still hear the inquiry, "Why form a "Band of Mercy" in the Sunday School?"

"We are teaching mercy already."

But are you?

We have known Sunday-school children of Christian parents catch live butterflies and other insects and pin them on their clothing. *Is that right?* We have heard, that Sunday-school boys sometimes shoot mother birds in spring-time and leave their young to die of starvation. *Is that right?* We are quite sure that Sunday-school boys often inflict wanton cruelty on such harmless and useful creatures as toads, frogs and the like, and we have heard of caged canary birds dying in Christian homes from want of proper care and thoughtfulness. Are not all these God's creatures? and are we not responsible to Him for their treatment? and is it not a part of the gospel of Him without whose knowledge we are told "not a sparrow falleth to the ground," to teach mercy to all these? And where can it be better taught than in the Sunday-school?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." (Luke 6:36.)

"Open thy mouth for the dumb." (Prov. 31:8.)

"The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works." (Ps. 145:9.)

"He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." (Ps. 147:9.)

"Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." (Ps. 50:10.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the ninety-eight Bands of Mercy reported last month in the Washington schools, thirty-five more have been added. We think these include nearly every school in Washington.

A LONG LIST OF BANDS OF MERCY.

Our good friend, Dr. Mark, of Ottawa, Canada, sends us a long list of "Bands of Mercy" recently formed by him, all of which we are glad to provide with humane outlets without charge.

Dr. Mark has, at his own personal expense, formed nearly 100,000 Canadian children into "Bands of Mercy."

PREMATURE BURIALS.

I have read with interest, Mr. Angell, the various articles you have written on *premature burials*, and the action you have taken in behalf of your "American Humane Education Society" in petitioning the Legislatures of all our States, writing the Presidents of their Senates and Speakers of their Houses of Representatives, etc., etc.

Please kindly inform me how you think such burials can be most surely prevented.

Answer. (1st.) By organized companies providing for a fixed sum suitable places like that in Munich and very likely other European cities, where all bodies of persons supposed to be deceased can be kept and properly cared for until *decay*, which seems to be the only infallible test of death, begins.

(2nd.) By cremation.

(3rd.) By giving the bodies to hospitals and medical schools, and subsequently giving the remains proper burial.

If the supposed deceased are actually dead no harm can come from either of these courses. If not actually dead *either of the three* is infinitely preferable to being buried alive.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHILD INSURANCE.

Mr. Angell:

Have you seen in Boston daily papers the various articles vindicating and approving *child insurance*, and the overwhelming vote of our Massachusetts Legislature sustaining it? Has your opinion been changed in regard to it? If not, why not?

Answer. We have seen various such articles doubtless written by some of the thousands of agents of these great corporations who share in the enormous profits made from the business.

Our opinion is still exactly and precisely as stated in the *Boston Herald* of April 4th and 6th, that the business is a bad one and ought to be prohibited by law.

To which we now add, that notwithstanding the tremendous influence which these great corporations through their thousands of paid agents can bring to bear on legislation, we believe they will before long be compelled to so modify their business as to *pay no money* to those who insure the lives of these little children, or else abandon the business entirely.

They can go into the *undertaking business* if they want to, and give all the little children whom they insure a proper burial, but they will not, in my judgment, be permitted during many years longer to *pay sums of money* to those who insure the lives of their own or other people's small children.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The influence of a majority is very great, but we must not forget that *one with God is a majority.*

Our Indian affairs: Army officers say there is no danger of a Crow war. Crows never go to war without caws. — *Evansville Argus.*

A minister startled his audience, a few Sundays ago, by saying, "I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence; but this evening I will come better prepared."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, *also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.*

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. *Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.*

3. *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.

4. *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. *For the President*, an imitation gold-badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations*, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



We are indebted to "The Dog Fancier," Battle Creek, Michigan, for the above beautiful cut.

ARISTOCRATIC DOGS.

RODE INSIDE A CARRIAGE WHILE THEIR MASTER
RODE OUTSIDE.

A recent issue of the *Cincinnati Post* contains the following:

R. E. Lee Hills, of Grand Rapids, Mich., arrived in the city to-day with a couple of fine St. Bernards for the dog show. He took breakfast at the Dennison House, and when he was ready to start to Music Hall the rain was pouring down. Calling a cab, Mr. Hills took a seat in the lobby with a St. Bernard dog on either side of him to await its coming. When the cab arrived Mr. Hills, to the surprise of the small crowd that had been attracted by the fine canines, placed both dogs inside the cab, while he himself climbed to the driver's seat and rode to the hall.

It was a novel spectacle to see the face of a St. Bernard dog in either cab window, while their master was being drenched on top of the vehicle.

Mr. Hills is the brother-in-law of Dudley E. Waters of this city, the owner of the dogs which Mr. Hills took such care to protect from the weather; and the noble animals Lady Adelaide II and Alton II proved themselves in every way worthy of all the care taken of them, winning three prizes at the bench show of the Cincinnati Kennel club, to which Mr. Hills was conveying them when the shower caught them. Lady Adelaide won two prizes and Alton II the challenge cup, the prizes being three beautifully-chased silver cups. The competition was close, and Mr. Waters is naturally elated over the victory won by his dogs.

(From *Forest and Stream*.)

CAN DOGS TALK?

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs, one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him had rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr.

Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again. They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door.

Two or three minutes later the latch was tried the third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He pushed the door back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, which had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some supersense unknown to us?

PITTSBURG POST, MARCH 31, 1895.

A remarkable circumstance developed at the inquest in the case of George Martin, the 6-year old boy who died Saturday morning at his home at Lincoln, near Elizabeth. He was injured on Saturday, March 23, in a sugar camp nearly three-fourths of a mile from home, where he found an empty can, and threw it on a fire, thinking it had held oil. It had contained nitro-glycerine, and the explosion that followed knocked the boy senseless and mangled him terribly. When he regained consciousness, his companion, a great Newfoundland dog, stood beside him licking his bloody face and trying to raise him to a sitting position. There was a heavy strap collar on the dog. The little fellow reached up and fastened his hands into it around the dog's neck. Then the animal started for home, half carrying and half dragging his human playmate and picking his way carefully, but hurrying as fast as possible until he had his charge at the home door. The little chap died yesterday morning, the dog mourning like the other members of the family. *He seems to realize he will see the boy no more, and refuses to be comforted.*

A DOG'S INTUITION.

An Auburn man thinks just twice as much of dog intelligence now as he did a week ago. He owned a dog and had tired of him and had agreed to transfer him to a friend who lives in the south part of the city. He took him in his arms, tied a coat over his head and carried him down and delivered him. It was a long distance and he had no idea that the dog would ever show up again about his own premises. That night, on reaching home, the dog lay in his accustomed place on the rug, while the Auburn man's wife wore a curious smile of amusement. The conundrum in the family is: How does a dog know the way home? One thing is now quite certain—that the dog can stay where he is as long as he wants to.—*Lewiston (Maine) Journal.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, July, 1895.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of **about twenty thousand** newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month **two hundred and forty-eight new branches** of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of **twenty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-eight**.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

OUR THEATRES.

Wm. H. Crane, the actor, says in the *Boston Herald* of April 7th, "there never was a time when immorality was flaunted in so glaring a manner from the stage, or when vice was made to appear so attractive as now," and he adds that plays are now being enacted in our theatres so vile that they should be prohibited by law.

It is a terrible pity that when we have so many Christian churches we cannot have one Christian theatre where the youth of the coming generation can be taught what would make the world better and their whole lives happier.

Here is a field for the Societies of Christian Endeavor and the Epworth Leagues and the King's Daughters and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and all good men and women.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR MASSACHUSETTS GOVERNOR
GREENHALGE.

We are glad to find in the *Boston Herald* on this June 8th the following from the *Hartford Courant*:

"The rashness of the Massachusetts Governor is astonishing the politicians and delighting those of them who don't like him. He caused displeasure by his successful hold-up of the Holyoke and Woburn police commission bills. He offended some of the Massachusetts farmers by his attitude toward the tuberculosis bill. He gave mortal offence to the "No Popery" secret societies by his official courtesy to the Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston, on the occasion of that aged clergyman's recent jubilee. Now, in this latest veto message, he has put a new weapon into the hands of his rivals and enemies. What can the man be thinking of, the politicians ask, that he goes on imperilling his re-election in this reckless way?

Possibly what he is thinking of is the performance of his duty as he sees it. Possibly he is even more concerned about that than about his re-election. He is a fallible man, liable to errors of judgment like the rest of us. Perhaps he is imprudent sometimes. But there doesn't seem to be any very serious discount on his sincerity, nor yet on his courage. Whatever else they may be, these veto messages are not the work of a timid, trimming, time serving, self-seeking politician. We guess Parson Wilbur of Jamaica would have liked Gov. Greenhalge."

To the above we add: We like Governor Greenhalge.

If we had a thousand votes he should have every one of them, and it wouldn't make a particle of difference whether he were a Democrat or Republican, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Protestant or Catholic. God save "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts" and its Governor—Amen and Amen.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANOTHER PARKHURST WANTED IN
MASSACHUSETTS.

In our morning paper of June 5th we find that Dr. Parkhurst is about to begin a crusade for the *Reformation of the New York Legislature*.

In view of the recent action of our Massachusetts Legislature in regard to insuring the lives of small children, and in passing, in spite of the veto of our noble Governor, a bill which is substantially a death blow to civil service reform, is it not high time, in Massachusetts as well as New York, that good citizens should come to the front and send politicians to the rear?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND OTHERS.

In our March issue we had occasion to refer to the above-named gentleman.

(1st.) As having been connected with that terrible cattle ranch business out West, and

(2nd.) As boasting at a New York dinner [perhaps after drinking several cups of strong tea] of having broken some of his own bones [he did not say how many of his horse's] riding to hounds on Long Island, and adding that if one of his sons should weigh a broken bone against the glory of being one of Harvard's Foot Ball Eleven he would disinherit him.

But it is now no more than fair for us to say that Mr. Roosevelt has not only done well in the matter of civil service reform [which our Massachusetts Legislature just before its adjournment attempted to kill in Massachusetts] but now seems to be nobly beginning the work of purifying that political Sodom which has so long ruled the city of New York.

In the same line we have had occasion in past issues to attack Presidents Harrison and Cleveland for differing so widely from President Lincoln in leaving their Presidential duties at various times to shoot birds, simply for the fun of killing them, but in fairness perhaps we ought to add that when these gentlemen were young there were no "Bands of Mercy," and neither in pulpits nor Sunday Schools was anything said in regard to kindness to God's lower creatures, and so while harmless dumb animals, both tame and wild, have found in Japan and China an earthly heaven, they have found among Western barbarians in multitudes of cases beyond the power of computation an earthly hell.

Let us thank God that a new light is now dawning, and in coming years the people of Christian America and Europe may become as humane as the people of China and Japan.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.

As our readers know, we offered a few months since, in behalf of our *American Humane Education Society*, two prizes of \$100 each, for (1st) "The best plan of peacefully settling the difficulties between capital and labor," and (2d) "The best plan of preventing poverty and relieving the poor."

Ninety-five competing essays came to us from twenty-two different States.

In addition to the two prize essays we have bought three others, which seem to us most valuable [one being from a California writer who had already received a \$1000 prize for a similar essay], and because we think they may do a vast deal of good, and because we would like to distribute 100,000 copies gratis, and because we think they ought to be widely republished by the American press, we have put them in a pamphlet which we shall be glad to send to every editor in America, without charge, on receipt of postal or letter asking it.

All persons wishing to aid our *American Humane Education Society* in the gratuitous circulation of this book are respectfully requested to send remittances for that purpose.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

We are gratified at the wide call for our above prize essays, which compels us to print a second large edition.

BOSTON POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

We are indebted to the Boston Police Commissioners for causing our placards for the protection of birds to be posted in various parts of the city.

TURIN, ITALY.

By letter just received from the Secretary of Our Turin Society we regret to learn of the death of its distinguished President, Dr. Riboli, at the age of 87.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

We are glad to receive from *Mme. de Almeida Vasconcelas*, on this June 8th, an order for Spanish copies of "Black Beauty," accompanied by a draft for \$30.

PLEASANT LETTER: JAPAN.

OBERLIN, OHIO, May 16, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:—

I am a missionary's little girl. My home is in Japan. We came to America for a rest. In Japan I belong to one of your "Bands of Mercy," and since I came to Oberlin I have started another, and I am reading "Black Beauty" to the children in our Band.

I want you to send me the Silver Badges and Band of Mercy Melodies, for which I enclose the pay in postage stamps.

Your little friend,

HELEN A. DAVIS.

ANOTHER PLEASANT LETTER.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 28th, 1895.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

You remember, no doubt, having received a letter from me in February asking your advice in reference to the sparrows. Your answer was gladly received, and when I appeared before the Legislative committee and presented the case as you did before the Massachusetts Legislature, the committee at once saw the cruelty which would follow from passing a bill like the one presented, and gave the bill no further attention. I thank you very much for your kindness.

MRS. S. M. HARPER,
State and County Superintendent of New York
Department of Mercy and President of
Geo. T. Angell Band of Mercy.

THE BREADTH OF OUR WORK.

Just before going to press we find in our morning's mail this June 8th various letters in high commendation of our work and of this paper from places as remote from each other as Germany, Ireland, Texas and Assiniboina, away up in northwestern Canada.

The last named encloses a check from John Biddle for a hundred annual subscriptions for this paper, and the kind wish that the Lord will bless our efforts.

THE MOUNTAIN SEASON.

The near approach of the mountain season prompts us to ask all our readers to use their best efforts for the relief and protection of horses during the hot weather.

A REQUEST IN BOSTON DAILIES GOOD FOR EVERY CITY AND STATE.

At the May directors' meetings of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it was unanimously voted, "That we do most earnestly ask all persons who have occasion to hire *herdies*, *coupes* or other carriages, to kindly look at the horses before hiring, and so far as possible select those which seem to be in the best condition, and so aid in giving many over-worked horses a vacation, and in having their places supplied by others which have less need of rest."

A BEAUTIFUL PLACARD.

We have had a beautiful placard printed, nine inches by five, containing our society seals and two cuts, and the following in large print, which we will cheerfully send to those who will put them up where they will do good:—

"If you have any pity for suffering horses—

Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a *poor-looking horse*.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

Don't ride behind a *docked horse*, or one *tightly checked*, if you can help it."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for protection of birds.
- (2) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

OUR HUMANE HORSE BOOK.

We have an immense demand for our new "Humane Horse Book," which we send everywhere for five cents, which is much less than its cost.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country.—*Boston Courier*.

Horse owners and drivers should have copies of "The Humane Horse Book." Men as well as beast will be benefitted by it.—*Fall River Herald*.

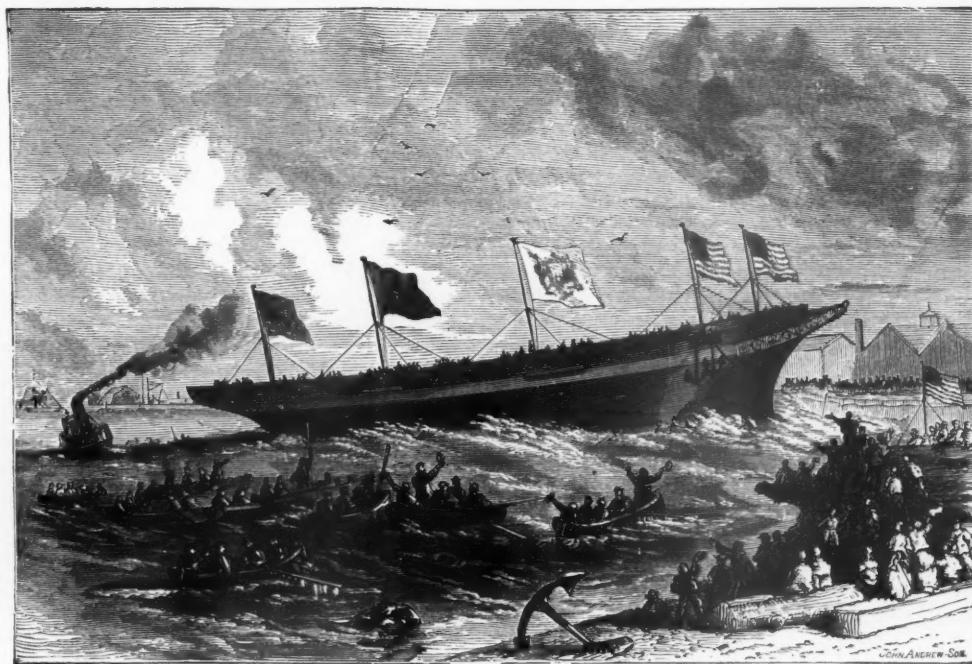
OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents; cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at *Shane's*," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Four Months in New Hampshire," paper covers, 6 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail, 10 cents. Each of these four, cloth bound, 20 cents, or sent by mail, 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance. Also "Beautiful Joe," at publishers' prices, 60 cents, or sent by mail 72 cents. *They have no cheap edition.*

"The Humane Horse Book" we sell far below cost, at 5 cents per copy.

Our last edition of "The Strike at *Shane's*" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "Hollyhurst" was 20,000.



THE SHIP LAUNCH.

[By kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

* * * * *

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,

In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

LONGFELLOW.

KIND REMEMBRANCES.

Among other kind remembrances of our birthday, it was certainly pleasant to find in the *Boston Daily Evening Transcript*, this:

"June 5, 1823, George T. Angell was born. In recognition of the grandeur of the spirit of his work, the citations [in this column] for today are chosen."

We should have made comparatively little progress in our work but for the most kind and generous support we have received during the past quarter of a century from the American press, and particularly from the press of our own city. In some of our earlier battles—particularly those relating to the sales of poisonously adulterated foods and other articles—we should have stood almost alone but for the generous support of the press.

OUR BIRTHDAY—NOW 72.

On this June 5th come to us various kind remembrances from good friends of our cause to remind us that we are now 72, and just entering our 73rd year.

One of the most unique and beautiful comes from one of the best friends of dumb animals in this Commonwealth, who wants to build for us a monument a thousand feet high, and at its base a fountain where thirsty animals can drink.

We have no objection to the fountain, but write him that instead of the monument we would prefer what such a monument would cost to be used while we are alive in extending and enlarging our work.

We never in our whole lifetime felt more strongly a wish to make it a hundred times greater than it is than we do at the present moment, and we cannot perceive that we are not just as able to think and write for it as we were twenty years ago, and should be very unwilling to think that we shall be any less able for twenty years to come.

Another of these presents comes from a good lady who prays every day that our life may be preserved.

We cannot tell how far her prayers or those of others may be answered, but we know that *hundreds of millions* of the human race, including many of the greatest intellects the world has ever seen, have be-

lieved what the good book tells us, that "*the fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much*," and we should be glad if the prayers offered in our behalf were multiplied a thousandfold.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD LETTER.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I thank you heartily for your splendid editorials in your June paper! Would that in every State there were a similar master hand to drive from our institutions of learning (and elsewhere) the evil spirit of cruelty which cannot fail to distort the plastic nature of youth.

I have just read reports of what is being done in our colleges and elsewhere. The heartless atrocities perpetrated on animals bound down, but not etherized, make one shudder. Would that the hapless victims could know with what faithfulness and self-sacrifice some of us are working to mitigate these evils.

Please send me sixty copies of June "Our Dumb Animals," which I shall send to those who may help our cause, and use the enclosed check [\$50] to distribute this special number of your charming and remarkable paper.

In the hope that the vigorous stand you have taken may prove an inspiration for other States to do likewise, and thanking you most gratefully, believe me,

With sincere respect,

THE COMPENSATION OF ASTHMA.

A little girl locked up her pet cat during the first part of Thanksgiving day in a dark closet, with the laudable purpose of making the cat very happy during the last part of the day by letting her out.

On the same principle no one but the asthmatic can understand the supreme happiness which comes when the spasms have passed off, and the patient again breathes freely.

If there is never a rose without a thorn, there is seldom a thorn without a rose.

A REMEDY AGAINST FLIES.

We see in the *Detroit Free Press* that five cents' worth of oil of lavender, mixed with the same quantity of water, will keep a room clear from flies, using an atomizer to spray it around the room. People like the odor, but flies do not.

SURE PROTECTION FROM MOSQUITOES.

Mr. L. O. Howard, United States entomologist, has devised and experimented with a method which has proved to have much practical usefulness—namely, to pour oil on the surface of waters that propagate mosquitoes. A small quantity of kerosene employed in this manner will go a long way. If there is a stagnant pond or overflowed marsh in your vicinity, you cannot invest money more profitably this summer than to buy some kerosene and apply it. The process is very simple, the oil spreading itself far and wide in an extremely thin film. Five gallons, costing sixty cents, will cover 10,000 square feet. *A single application will suffice for the season, and will absolutely prevent the production of mosquitoes over the area treated.* The coating of oil quickly suffocates and kills all wrigglers.

CHRISTIAN BARBARISM.

The offering of prizes at agricultural fairs for the yokes of oxen drawing the heaviest loads, with the accompanying whipping, yelling and strain on the unfortunate animals, is almost as barbarous as the Spanish and Mexican bull-fights and ought to be denounced by every humane man whether he claims to be a Christian or not.

TO TEST SUSPECTED WATER.

It is said that there is no better or simpler way of testing suspected water than the following: Fill a clean pint bottle nearly full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in it half a teaspoonful of loaf or granulated sugar. Cork the bottle and keep in a warm place two days. If the water becomes cloudy or milky within forty-eight hours it is unfit for domestic use.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Is it not possible to make silver dollars of about the present size, and put into them enough gold to make them precisely the same value as the pure gold dollars? In this way could not much silver be used without depreciating and rendering comparatively worthless our currency? No honest man of course wants a currency that is worth only fifty cents on a dollar.

HOW MUCH DO ANIMALS KNOW?

Answer. When dogs, cats and other animals carried long distances on cars and steamers, sometimes confined in bags and baskets, can, without asking any questions, find their way home, and birds travelling thousands of miles come back year after year to the same nests, and carrier pigeons to their dovecotes, it is pretty sure that they know some things, to a knowledge of which no human being has yet attained.

There is a vast field of animal intelligence to be studied, and the more we study the more we shall be filled with wonder and admiration.

"Poverty is uncomfortable as I can testify; but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim." — President Garfield.

HAS MY HORSE BEEN FED?

MR. EDITOR: My son and I went, in our own carriage, about twenty-four miles, on a visit. Our horse was taken to a stable where horses were boarded by the day, week or month. My son took the horse to the stable at evening, and directed when she should be fed, and how much grain at a feeding. About bedtime, as I kept thinking, thinking, thinking that Dolly had not received any water nor hay nor oats since we left home, I said, "My son, did you give Dolly any water?" "I did not. But I told Sam to water her." "Do you know that she was fed this evening?" "I do, although I cannot say so absolutely and positively." "Poor Dolly!" I said feelingly, "If I feel able to walk to your stable, I think you would tell me very quickly whether you have been fed and watered after such a long drive this hot July day." "Now, father," said my son, "do not worry about Dolly. I feel confident that she has been fed and watered just as I directed." Early in the morning I directed my son to go to the stable (as I was not able to walk so far) and learn for a certainty if Dolly had been fed the evening previous. They told him she had been fed as directed. We were to start for home at 11 o'clock, a.m. Feeling so uneasy about Dolly, at 10 o'clock, unknown to anyone, I went with slow and feeble steps half a mile or more, to learn whether my Dolly had been fed or not. I said to Sam, one of the hostlers, "Did you feed our horse this morning?" "I didn't; but she was fed." I then went from Sam to Joe and Dick and Tom, each one assuring me that my horse had been fed? I then met the proprietor, to whom I said, "We propose to start for home at 11 o'clock. Has my horse been fed?" (Dolly, hearing my voice, gave three or four whinnies in quick succession.) "Yes, sir, your horse has been fed and watered." I replied with a sorrowful smile, as I understood perfectly the full significance of that whinny, "Dolly says no one has fed her." He replied, with a half-provoked retort, "Perhaps you don't understand such horse-language as that." "Perhaps not," I replied. "Please introduce me to the man who fed and watered my horse." "Bill," said the proprietor of the stables to the man who supervised that portion of the stalls where my horse was kept, "did you feed this man's horse this morning?" "No, sir." "Did you water him?" "No, sir." "Why under the canopy of the starry sky didn't you do it?" "No one told me anything about the horse last night, and I didn't know whose she was, nor whether she was to be fed or not," said Bill. I then saw Dolly led to water, and I saw Bill put feed in her manger. Bill told me that as no one had directed him to feed and water her the day previous it had not been done. *Twenty-nine hours had elapsed and Dolly had not received one swallow of water nor a mouthful of feed.* If I, feeble as I then was, had not crawled to the stable, Dolly would have been driven, with two in the carriage, that long distance home, without a mouthful of hay or oats. From boyhood I have owned and managed many horses, and during all my life I never had a sick horse, nor have I lost a horse by any ailment and death. It has always been an inflexible rule of action to see that the horses were cared for before I sought comfort for myself. When I have ordered my horses fed at a hotel, *my rule always has been to go and look in the manger and satisfy myself that my team had been properly fed.* I have known owners of horses to pay for six quarts of oats when the horse received only two. I knew when my Dolly neighed at the sound of my accustomed voice that she had not been fed nor watered. If a person would own a good horse he must be properly fed and watered, not semi-occasionally, but many times a day.

SERENO EDWARDS TODD, Sr., in *Evangelist.*

SOME OF THE RICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

We do not understand this passage of Scripture to apply to Boston, *certainly not to some people we know in Boston*, but the secretary of a large, charitable society in New York city writes us that he took the *New York Tribune's* list of rich men and sent to *your thousand of them* a request for aid, the result being that one responded with a contribution of *one dollar*, and the experiment cost the society nearly \$200. In view of this result we think he ought to be glad that he got his hat back from that congregation.

WHAT ARE THE OBJECTS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY AND WHAT HAS IT ALREADY DONE?

I answer, Its objects are to humanely educate the American people, for the purpose of stopping every form of cruelty, both to human beings and the lower animals.

(1) By enlisting the teachers of every State and Territory to carry humane instructions into all American public and private schools.

(2) By enlisting the educational, religious, and secular press of the country to help form a public sentiment which will tend to check cruelty of every kind.

(3) By enlisting the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the country in efforts to unite religious and humane education in all their churches and Sunday schools.

(4) By sending humane information, and the gems of humane literature, pictures, songs, and stories, through the press and otherwise, as I have been sending "Our Dumb Animals" and "Black Beauty," all over this country.

(5) By the employment of missionaries, forming "Humane Societies" and hundreds of thousands of "Bands of Mercy" in schools, Sunday schools, and elsewhere, similar to the over twenty-two thousand we have already formed.

(6) By showing the millions of American youth, in ways too numerous to be mentioned in this statement, that every kind word they speak or kind act they do makes their own lives happier, and better prepares them for what may come after.

(7) By building up in our colleges, schools, and elsewhere a spirit of chivalry and humanity, which shall in coming generations substitute ballots for bullets, prevent anarchy and crime, protect the defenceless, maintain the right, and hasten the coming of peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature, both human and dumb.

For what it has already done since its incorporation, write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

TO WHOM DOES "Our Dumb Animals" GO EACH MONTH?

In the State.

1. All members of our two Humane Societies.

2. From 6000 to 7000 Boston business firms and men.

3. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic.

4. All Massachusetts lawyers.

5. All Massachusetts physicians.

6. All Massachusetts bank presidents and cashiers.

7. All Massachusetts postmasters.

8. All Massachusetts school superintendents.

9. Large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers throughout the State.

10. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

11. "Bands of Mercy" throughout the State.

12. Many subscribers and others throughout the State.

13. The Boston police.

14. The Massachusetts legislature.

15. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters.

16. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications.

17. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

18. All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world.

19. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries.

20. Thousands of our "Bands of Mercy" in our own and other countries.

21. Members of our National Congress.

22. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico.

23. Writers, speakers, teachers and many others in various States and Territories.

24. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

The son of a Detroit railroad man punished at school told his father he was suffering from a misplaced switch. — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE BEST KIND OF ARMY TO ESTABLISH IN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We are a Band of Soldiers
All marching on to fight,
And we are sure to conquer,
Because our cause is right.
We wave our banner proudly,
Our war-cry loud we call:
"Justice and Mercy ever
To creatures great and small."

We want no swords nor ryles,
No powder and no shot;
We fight not with such weapons,
For we better arms have got.
Our law the law of kindness,
The word of love our speech,
And forth we go to conquer,
And forth we go to teach.

We cry, "Down with the cowards!"
Who do the poor brute wrong,
Who torture, maim, and beat him,
Because their hands are strong.
We cry, "Down with the tyrants!"
We for the helpless fight,
And we are here to conquer,
Because our cause is right.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt'st with Thy disciples, Lord;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—
Come, friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou has not left me, oft as I left Thee,—
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Thine have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

FOR "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

A New England lady removed to Southern California decided that she wanted a cow. Visiting a cattle farm to purchase one, the sight of a *tailless*, thin and forlorn heifer excited her interest and sympathy. To her question the owner replied that this heifer promised to be the best of his herd, but since she lost her tail *the flies so pestered her that she could neither graze nor sleep sufficiently*, and was therefore no good.

"How much do you ask for her?"
"She was worth forty dollars; I will sell her for five."

The lady bought her, drove her home, *crocheted for her a cotton tail*, affixed it securely, and that heifer is now one of the best milk-givers in the neighborhood, fat and well.

GRATEFUL.

Dentist: Mr. Doppeneimer, you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on.

Doppeneimer: Ish dot so? Well, I dinks I coomes to-morrer.

Dentist: But why not let me pull it to-day?

Doppeneimer: Well, I don' yoost know how much monish der wash in my pocked-book—*Life*.

THE HEART OR THE HEAD.

An interesting addition to the argument from authority presented in our last against the position of Prof. Ely of Wisconsin State University, is found in the autobiography of George T. Angell. During a visit to Europe in 1870 Mr. Angell visited Florence and made the acquaintance of the eminent American sculptor, Hiram Powers. In one memorable conversation with the great artist, the latter expressed his firm conviction that the great need in American education was more education of the heart. "Educate the hearts of the people," he said, "and the heads will take care of themselves. Give in your schools rewards to the good boys, not to the smart ones. God gives the intellect: the boy should not be rewarded for that. The great danger of our country is from its smart men. Educate the heart! Educate the heart! Let us have good men." There is no better remedy for the suppression of strikes and anarchy than this. — *Christian Cynosure, Chicago.*



A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST.

From "The Rural New Yorker," N. Y. City.

HOW GARIBALDI TOOK NAPLES.

I landed at Naples a few days after the poor little King had fled. I heard from the lips of the people who had witnessed the scene how Garibaldi took Naples. Four railway carriages conveyed him and his staff to the city. The people turned out *en masse* all along the lines, they clambered up on the engine, they clustered like bees all over the carriages, the train could hardly go slow enough; an immense crowd met the train—the whole population of Naples streaming out to salute the Liberator. His hour was come. The General, with Cozenz, entered a carriage and pair, and his staff followed in three other carriages. The King was still in Naples. The Neapolitan police looked on sullen and inactive.

The fortress of St. Elmo commanding the approach bristled with armed men, and the gunners were all at their posts. As soon as the Garibaldians came well within range they had orders to fire and clear the streets with grape-shot. Slowly the carriages moved through the crowded streets amid the deafening roar of "vivas." As they came under the guns of Castello Nuovo the artillerymen were seen to point them and stand ready with the lighted match. At the supreme moment the General's voice was heard above the din: "Slower! slower! drive slower." And again, as the agitated coachman hardly seemed to hear, with that voice *unaccustomed to command twice*: "Slower!"

The officers could be heard calling upon their men to fire. Then, in full sight, and under the very muzzle of those guns, the General stood upright in his carriage with one hand on his breast, and looked steadfastly at the artillerymen. Those who saw it said it was like magnetism. A silence seemed to fall on the excited crowd. The fate of Italy trembled in the balance. Three times the order to fire was repeated; at the third the gunners threw down their matches, flung their caps wildly in the air and shouted: "Viva Garibaldi!"

That picture will last when the works of all the old masters have faded out, for it is painted upon the imperishable canvas of the national soul. It represents forever, in the glowing tints of unselfish patriotism and stainless honor, the triumph of moral over physical might, the victory of the spiritual forces.

Since St. Francis of Assisi, to whom the birds, it is said, came without fear, probably no man in all Italy has been more noted for his tenderness towards God's lower creatures than this same Garibaldi. — ED.

JACK'S LAME FOOT.

A well known gentleman kindly sends us an account of Jack, a chestnut horse with a white star in his forehead, white right hind foot, a beautiful head and bright eyes, who, one day, when about nine years old, became lame, and was turned from his stall into the barnyard. Shortly afterwards Jack contrived to get out of the barnyard, and without halter or bridle went to the neighboring city of L—, which was about three miles distant, and found the blacksmith's shop where he had been shod. The blacksmith, not knowing the horse, drove him out of the shop four times, and then, as he again returned, examined his right fore foot and pulled off the shoe, and found that a nail had been driven into the quick of the foot, which produced the lameness of the horse.

To get to the blacksmith's shop Jack had pulled the pin out of the barnyard gate and passed through the main street of the city, which was full of teams, and made two turns in the street to get to the right place.

GREEK "BLACK BEAUTY."

We have copies to be sent by mail to all who care enough for them to remit us 25 cents, in postage stamps or otherwise.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRESS ON VIVISECTION.

A good friend sends us the following, taken from an editorial in "The Sacred Heart Review," a leading and most influential Roman Catholic paper:

" * * * But now in reference to the alleged benefits of vivisection. Of course, it is claimed by the friends of vivisection that important discoveries have been made, or are to be made in physiology, which are for the benefit of mankind. But it is surprising how many influential names are quoted in direct opposition to this claim. Dr. Andrew Clark, for instance, is quoted as saying:

" For whatever purpose they may be employed, however carefully they may be designed and executed, however successful may be the precautions taken to exclude error, experiments have their subtle difficulties and dangers which are perilous to truth and cannot be wholly averted.

Sir Charles Bell says: 'Experiments have never been the means of discovery; and a survey of what has been attempted of late years in physiology will prove that the opening of living animals has done more to perpetuate error than to confirm the just views taken from the study of anatomy and natural motions.'

To the same purport write Sir Thomas Watson, Sir William Ferguson and Prof. Lawson Tait. In fact, about the same difference in opinion exists in regard to vivisection as on the subject of vaccination. There are learned, zealous and good men on both sides. One thing is certain, if it be true that vivisection is not only of no practical value but has actually led to error, and that the experiments are uncertain and delusive, then it must be admitted that the charge of wanton cruelty is justly brought against it, though those who practice it may be influenced by scientific motives.

A strong confirmation of this position, it strikes us, is seen in the fact that the vivisectionists are not satisfied with a single experiment or a sufficient number of experiments to determine the physiological fact which it is sought to establish, but the practice is kept up from year to year, quite generally, we are told, without the mercifulness of anesthetics, oftentimes in the most barbarous and unfeeling manner.

The moral influence of such a practice, both on teacher and pupil, needs no comment. The physician, above all things, should be trained to kindness, to gentleness, to sympathy and refinement of feeling. For our part we confess that the vivisectionist who can deliberately practice cutting living animals to pieces in cold blood without the use of anesthetics is about the last man we should think of choosing for a family physician. Cruelty to animals encourages cruelty in man. We are in cordial sympathy with the efforts that are being made for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and we believe they should receive the hearty approval of every lover of humanity, of refinement, and gentle breeding.'

A MEDICAL STUDENT ON VIVISECTION.

In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of May 23d appears a letter signed "A Medical Student," in which the writer declares that "it is the opinion of over four-fifths of the students of one of our largest medical schools that work in practical physiology on living animals is obnoxious, debilitating, and comparatively profitless."

He adds "two or three hundred frogs, a hundred doves, as many cats, large numbers of rabbits and dogs are disposed of in a few months."

"The object of this is to see how far they can carry certain experiments and have the dogs still live."

"If in place of some earnest students striving for familiarity with the various forms of disease and its treatment they wish to develop a few cold experimenters, let the course be optional, without even a hint at coercion; the few so by nature inclined may pass into it, while the others may remain men as well as physicians.

It has been marvellous to me that students have allowed the professors to talk to the public regarding this subject, and that they have remained quiet. What the public wish to know is their opinion. They are to be the public soon. They know best how their natures act in the presence of the unnatural. They best know whether what they learn is worth the sacrifice. We students prefer to work well through excess of sensitiveness, not through blunted sensibilities."

We will give the same space occupied by the above to any medical student who wishes to deny the

above statements. "As we have sought in the past, so we wish to seek in the future to have both sides of this question of vivisection fairly presented to the public, and particularly to medical men, some thousands of whom receive and probably read our paper, and so we are glad to give a limited space to its consideration.

VIVISECTION, \$100.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I do hereby offer \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR MASSACHUSETTS LAW AGAINST VIVISECTION AND DISSECTIONS IN SCHOOLS.

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

SECTION 1. No teacher or other person employed in any public school of this Commonwealth shall, in the presence of any scholar, in said school, or any child or minor there present, practice vivisection, nor, in such presence, exhibit any animal upon which vivisection has been practised.

SECT. 2. Dissection of dead animals, or any portions thereof, in the public schools of this Commonwealth, in no instance shall be for the purpose of exhibition, but in every case shall be confined to the class-room and the presence of those pupils engaged in that study to be illustrated by such dissection.

SECT. 3. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars.

\$25.

I hereby offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" \$25 for evidence by which the Society shall convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lockjaw were reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinarian that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinarian stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

\$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict a member of either the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of the laws of Massachusetts by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

\$50 PRIZE.

We offer, in behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing a horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Look at the faces of all the people you see riding on or behind docktailed, mutilated horses, and see how many *kind, noble, generous, merciful faces* you can find among them, and on the other hand how many *cold, hard, dissipated, unhappy and merciless ones!*

BRAINS AND HEARTS.

A young man some time since told a young lady that unless she consented to marry him he would blow his brains out. She replied that it would be necessary for him to blow some brains into his head before he could blow anything out.

We met on our way to our office this morning one of our Boston snobs driving a horse with his tail cut short, and one look at his face convinced us that all the moral susan and arguments we could use in this paper might as profitably be expended on a paving stone.

So long as such specimens of humanity can violate our laws by mutilating their horses for life and escape detection, so long this form of suffering to horses will have to be endured.

We have tried for several winters to get a law which would be as fatal to this whole business as *paris green* is to potato bags, and mean to keep trying every winter so long as the Lord permits us to live.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BIRDS.

We have before us a very interesting article by F. LeRoy Homer, of Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., on the above subject. It has been often said that if all the birds were destroyed, insects would so increase as to devour all vegetation, and *no animal or human being could live on the earth*, and this article seems to substantiate the statement.

From it we learn that a single pair of plant lice can produce in about two months *about six thousand millions of their kind*—that one female of moth can produce in a single year *about sixteen millions of caterpillars*—that in France in two years, one florist lost about two hundred thousand rose trees from the larvae of the cockchafer—that in the Hartz mountains about fifteen hundred thousand trees were killed in a few years by the bark-boring beetle—that in our own country, in spite of all our present number of birds, something like from five to ten millions bushels of wheat alone are annually destroyed by insects—that Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge, proved by actual experiment that a *robin consumes about one hundred and forty per cent. of its own weight every day*—that a young bird in his possession consumed sixty-eight earth-worms in twelve hours—that Alexander Wilson, the great ornithologist, estimated that the red-winged black bird alone destroys about *sixteen billions of insects every year*—that about twenty years ago, such clouds of grasshoppers descended upon the Western States and territories that in Utah the food supply was threatened with entire destruction, but at the moment of greatest peril large flocks of *beautiful snow-white gulls* appeared, coming from no one knew where, and devoured the grasshoppers almost without ceasing, so that the crops were saved and the Salt Lake prophets solemnly declared that the *Lord had sent these beautiful winged messengers to save his chosen people*.

\$400.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

NOT SO BLACK AS THEY ARE SAID TO BE.

One day last season, as the barley in my fields was ripening, the blackbirds began to gather about it, and my farmer began to anathematize them as thieves and robbers, feeding upon what they did not sow. "Why, they come," said he, "in clouds from Naushon, and all about us." Notwithstanding, I told him I was satisfied that they did more good than harm, and that they were welcome to their share. The harvest began, and as the mowers reached the middle of the field they found the stalks of the grain very much stripped and cut up by the army worm. When the barley was down, they commenced to march out of the field in a compact stream through the barway into the next one, and here we saw clearly what the blackbirds were after. They pounced upon them and devoured them by thousands, very materially lessening their numbers. The worms were so numerous that they could not destroy them all, but they materially lessened them and their power of mischief. All honor, then, to the blackbirds, which are usually counted mischievous, and are destroyed by farmers like vermin.

Boston Advertiser.

THE SILENT SEARCHERS.

When the darkness of night has fallen,
And the birds are fast asleep,
An army of silent searchers
From the dusky shadows creep;
And over the quiet meadows,
Or amid the waving trees,
They wander about with their tiny lamps
That flash in the evening breeze.
And this army of silent searchers,
Each with his flickering light,
Wanders about till the morning
Has driven away the night.
What treasures they may be seeking
No man upon earth can know;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies,
Who lived in the long ago.
For an ancient legend tells us
That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree tops,
With the stars, refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
Was called from the oak and pine.
And when, by the Imps of darkness,
The fairies were chased away,
The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day;
Through all the years that have followed,
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gloom of the hours
With the flash of their magic light.
Would you see the magical army?
Then come to the porch with me!
Yonder, among the hedges
And near to the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover,
And down in the river-damp,
The fireflies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

OUR BUG-CATCHERS.

We have a garden around our house where we try to raise fruits, and flowers, and peas, and beans, and lettuce, and cucumbers, and such like. But we have one trouble: there are lots of little bugs and worms that seem to like our provisions as well as we do, and that are always on hand to take their portion. And in fact they sometimes seem to want to take the whole.

Well, what is to be done in such a case? I will tell you what to do. We have several little bug-catchers, curious creatures,—in color and shape they look almost like a lump of earth, and one would hardly know them from the clods among which they travel about. The children see them about the fields or highways, and wherever they find one they speedily pick him up and invite him to make his home in our garden; and so they have their dwellings in holes and corners about the yard.

The little fellows have a queer way of catching bugs. They have a long, sticky tongue, though where they keep it is a mystery, as it seems to be longer than its owner. Perhaps they take a reef in it, as the sailors say, and so stow it away. But when one of them gets near a little bug he sits and looks at him, and winks in a kind of solemn way, till all at once his mouth opens, and quick as a flash the tongue goes out and in again, and the bug is among the missing! And then our little friend sits winking and blinking and waiting for another bug to come that way.

He is said to have an ear for music, and to do some singing in the warm spring evenings, but we do not count much on this; nor do we brag much about his good looks. His skin is not smooth, nor his complexion fair; but for real usefulness he is about the best kind of live stock we have on our farm; and if people want to keep their gardens free from bugs the best thing they can do is to get on friendly terms with the little toads.

A GEORGIA LAWYER.

A Georgia lawyer sends us an interesting account of his engagement to marry a very beautiful North Carolina girl, which was broken before it was too late, by seeing her cruelly kill with a stone a toad that was crossing their path. It reminds us of another engagement to marry broken by a young man after seeing the young lady's proposed bridal dress ornamented with the plumage of dead birds.



THE AVENUE LEADING TO HOTEL OXFORD, FRYEBURG, MAINE.

GOOD FOR THE WORCESTER TELEGRAM MAN.

TELEGRAM MAN RESCUES A BRUTE FROM INHUMAN TORTURE OF PARK AVENUE BOYS.

As *The Telegram* man was passing down Park Avenue, yesterday afternoon, his attention was attracted by a noisy crowd of boys—some of them not very small boys either. They seemed to be having an enjoyable time around some object by the roadside.

The Telegram man drew near and saw the most pitiful sight he had witnessed for many a day. Stretched at full length under the sweltering rays of the sun, mud-stained and flecked with foam, with bleeding feet and tongue hanging helplessly out from his jaws, a noble Newfoundland dog lay with eyes half closed gasping for breath and helpless, while the boys tortured him with sticks, and enjoyed themselves throwing dirt at his helpless head. A tin can was tied to the dog's tail, and another was hitched to one foot. Around his neck was a clothes line by which he had been dragged some distance after having fallen, overcome by exertion and heat.

The Telegram man scattered the crowd and removed the tin cans and rope. Then he got some water and washed off the dirt from about the dog's mouth and tongue. In a little while he struggled to his feet, drank water and then he seemed able to make some progress.

The grateful look that shone in that dumb brute's eyes when the mud was rinsed from its parched tongue, was worth the friendship of every rum-seller in the commonwealth. The dog belongs to Michael J. Finnegan of Providence street, and he was taken to the owner, who was very indignant when he heard of the abuse that his dog had suffered. Mr. Finnegan promises to make trouble for the participants in the barbarous performance, providing he can learn who they were.

THE ROMAN SOLDIERS.

The Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush an average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives. He eats no beef, pork or mutton, yet he walks off with his load of 300 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active, and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite of endurance.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE BOB-O-LINK.

"Leaning idly over a fence a few days since we noticed a little four-year old 'Lord of the creation' amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful Bob-o-link perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree, which extended within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity of one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor. The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage; when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea:—'A link—a link—a-l-l-i-n-k—Bob-o-link—a-no-weet—a-no-weet! I know it—I know it!—a link—a link, a link—don't throw it!—throw it!—throw it!—throw it!' etc., and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feeling, we approached him and enquired: 'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home.' The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame and half sorrow, he replied, 'Could'n't; cos he sung so!' Who will say that our nature is wholly depraved after that, or aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity mercy. The angels who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds."—*The Clinton Courant*.

No good teamster or driver will ever harness a small horse tandem before a larger one in such a manner that he will draw upon the back of the larger. *It is cruel.*

A young clerk was shut six hours in a refrigerator the other day by accident. When at last released, he said he felt as though he had been attending a sociable at a fashionable church.

**WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?**
I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

21991 Lynchburg, Va.
Mormon School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Mr. Freeman.
21992 Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Calloway.
21993 Wide Awake Band.
P., Mrs. Penn.
21994 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. Harrison.
21995 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Cahell.
21996 School of the Holy Cross.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Felicia.
21997 Rose Band.
P., Sister Clare.
21998 Violet Band.
P., Sister Mary Vincent.
21999 Busy Workers Band.
P., Sister Scholastica.
22000 Lilac Band.
P., Sister Thecla.
22001 Water Melon Band.
P., Sister Sabina.
22002 Heliotrope Band.
P., Sister Reade.
22003 Rosebud Band.
P., Sister Desmond.
22004 Va. Seminary College.
Douglas Band.
P., G. W. Hayes.
22005 General Armstrong Band.
P., R. L. Hemmings.
22006 Roanoke, Va.
Commerce St. School.
J. G. Whittier Band.
P., C. E. Kregoe.
22007 R. E. Lee Band.
P., J. C. Williams.
22008 Dixie Band.
P., Miss Hunt.
22009 Stonewall Jackson Band.
P., Miss Williams.
22010 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Griggs.
22011 Columbus Band.
P., Miss Hillary.
22012 Rose Band.
P., Miss Trent.
22013 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Alexander.
22014 Lily Band.
P., Miss Fishburne.
22015 High School.
Longfellow Band.
P., J. P. Mauzy.
22016 St. Andrew's School.
Violin Band.
P., Sister Mary Vincent.
22017 Cleveland Band.
P., Sister Mary Aloysia.
22018 Little Sunbeam Band.
P., Sister Mary Ottilia.
22019 Touch me not Band.
P., Sister Mary St. Peter.
22020 5th Ward School.
Douglas Band.
P., D. W. Harth.
22021 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Addison.
22022 Payne Band.
P., Mr. Trayham.
22023 J. C. Price Band.
P., Mrs. Oliver.
22024 3d Ward School.
Lincoln Band.
P., T. T. Henry.
22025 Ida Wells Band.
P., J. R. Dungee.
22026 Phillips Wheatley Band.
P., Mrs. Johnson.
22027 Booker T. Washington Band.
P., Miss Barnett.
22028 Salem, Va.
Public Schools.
W. C. Bryant Band.
P., W. Hugh Carter.
22029 Stonewall Jackson Band.
P., Miss Burk.
22030 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Johnson.
22031 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Berkley.
22032 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mrs. Kizer.
22033 Love Band.
P., Mrs. Holland.
22034 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Folkes.
22035 Rosedub Band.
P., Miss Goff.
22036 Colored Schools.
Douglas Band.
P., W. R. Watkins.
22037 Gen'l Armstrong Band.
P., W. R. Wilson.
22038 L. R. Holland Band.
P., J. H. Duckwider.
22039 George Peabody Band.
P., Miss Mathews.

22040 Roanoke College.
Wm. B. Yonce Band.
P., C. Armond Miller.
22041 E. Radford, Va.
Public Schools.
Rhododendrum Band.
P., W. P. Gunn.
22042 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Brightwell.
22043 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Thomas.
22044 Violet Band.
P., Miss Roberts.
22045 Laurel Band.
P., Miss Pamplin.
22046 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Dudley.
22047 Arbutus Band.
P., Miss Gunn.
22048 Radford, Va.
S. Wadsworth Band.
P., Prot. Apgar.
22049 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Bowman.
22050 Little Workers Band.
P., Netta Bullard.
22051 West End School.
Lilac Band.
P., Mrs. E. Shanklin.
22052 Pansy Band.
P., Miss M. K. Pack.
22053 St. Albans' School.
Joseph G. Symmes Band.
P., Geo. W. Miles.
22054 Utica, N. Y.
Compassion Band.
P., Miss C. Ripley.
22055 Humane Band.
P., Miss Minnie Herthum.
22056 Kittrell, N. C.
North Carolina Band.
P., Mrs. B. A. Cephardt.
22057 Champoeg, Oregon.
Buttercup Band.
P., Miss Berta E. Kirk.
22058 Washington, D. C.
Berritt School.
Hamilton Band.
P., Miss V. Morgan.
22059 Kennedy Band.
P., Miss S. G. Hickey.
22060 Carroll Band.
P., Miss T. M. Crew.
22061 Kindness Band.
P., Miss H. L. Draper.
22062 Berrit Band.
P., Miss McGill.
22063 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss M. T. Sherman.
22064 A. S. Pratt Band.
P., Miss S. F. Sparks.
22065 Twinning School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Bertha H. Caron.
22066 Adelaide Davis Band.
P., Clare Chapman.
22067 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss —.
22068 Hamilton Band.
P., E. Caton.
22069 Roger Williams Band.
P., Miss A. M. Getchell.
22070 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Flora Reeves.
22071 Lucy Lareon Band.
P., Miss Sarah E. White.
22072 Thorace Band.
P., Miss Davis.
22073 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss M. L. Furrage.
22074 Davis Band.
P., Miss Clare Chapman.
22075 Slater School.
Webster Band.
P., E. A. Chase.
22076 Whittier Band.
P., S. J. Janifer.
22077 S. A. Bernard Band.
P., L. S. Chase.
22078 Douglas Band.
P., K. R. Martin.
22079 Summer Band.
P., J. Kinner.
22080 Slater Band.
P., E. R. Clarke.
22081 Gale Band.
P., N. E. C. T. Beale.
22082 Golden Star Band.
P., E. A. Guiberry.
22083 Lincoln School.
Gibson Band.
P., A. V. Thompkins.
22084 Douglas Band.
P., T. I. Russell.
22085 Crummel Band.
P., A. E. Alexander.
22086 Lincoln Band.
P., M. P. Shadd.
22087 Cook Band.
P., R. A. Lee.
22088 Summer Band.
P., K. H. Slade.
22089 Golden Rule Band.
P., E. Bruce.
22090 Kindness Band.
P., M. V. Moten.
22091 Garnet School.
Longfellow Band.
P., Daisy N. Colman.
22092 Sewell Band.
P., J. W. Cromwell.
22093 Alice Cary Band.
P., E. Davis.
22094 Garner Band.
P., Miss R. L. Moten.
22095 Whittier Band.
P., J. M. Alston.
22096 Cromwell Band.
P., M. J. Hill.
22097 Pratt Band.
P., E. G. Lewis.
22098 Mitchner, N. C.
Mitchner Band.
P., Carrie C. Brooks.
22099 Columbus, Ohio.
Holy Family School.
Holy Family Band.
P., Sister Mary Louis.
22100 St. Joseph Band.
P., Sister Mary Benedict.
22101 St. Aloysius Band.
P., Sister Mary Madeline.
22102 St. Anthony Band.
P., Sister Anna Clarke.
22103 St. Patrick's School.
Star of the Sea Band.
P., Sister Gertrude.
22104 St. Joseph Band.
P., Sister Mary Athanasia.
22105 St. Aloysius Band.
P., Sister Mary John.
22106 St. Cecilia Band.
P., Sister Catherine De Sales.
22107 St. Stanislaus Band.
P., Sister Stanislaus.
22108 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Rose Julia.
22109 St. Thomas Band.
P., Sister Jacobs.
22110 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Sister O'Mahoney.
22111 Holy Cross School.
St. Agnes Band.
P., Sister Antonia.
22112 St. Joseph Band.
P., Sister Antoinette.
22113 St. Cecilia Band.
P., Sister Emily.
22114 St. Aloysius.
P., Sister Aloysius.
22115 Lily Band.
P., Sister Martha.
22116 Daisy Band.
P., Sister Seraphine.
22117 St. Vincent Band.
P., Sister Ignatius.
22118 Busy Bee Band.
P., Sister Bernadine.
22119 Guardian Angel Band.
P., Sister Helen.
22120 St. Stanislaus Band.
P., Sister Mary Kostka.
22121 St. Mary's Band.
P., Brother Feltman.
22122 St. Vincent Orphan Asylum.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Martha.
22123 Daisy Band.
P., Sister Seraphine.
22124 St. Vincent Band.
P., Sister Ignatius.
22125 Busy Bee Band.
P., Sister Bernadine.
22126 Guardian Angel Band.
P., Sister Helen.
22127 Champlain, Canada.
Champlain Band.
P., Lawrence Gibson.
22128 New Athens, Ohio.
New Athens Band.
P., J. W. Wilson.
22129 Utica, N. Y.
Klopfel Band.
P., Julie Schremp.
22130 Lincoln Band.
P., Marion P. Thomas.
22131 Pawtucket, R. I.
Do Your Best Band.
P., Miss J. B. Jenks.
22132 Valley Falls, R. I.
I'll Try Band.
P., Miss K. O'Brien.
22133 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss M. G. McGirr.
22134 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss C. E. Cavanaugh.
22135 Hope Band.
P., Miss Mary E. Hines.
22136 Promise Band.
P., Miss M. I. Cummings.
22137 Lonsdale, R. I.
Longfellow Band.
P., Miss E. M. Johnston.
22138 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss E. M. Fitzsimmons.
22139 Providence, R. I.
Friendship St. No. 4 Band.
P., Miss E. E. Joslin.
22140 Youngsville, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Margaret Day.
22141 No. 8 Band.
P., Sister —.
22142 No. 9 Band.
P., Sister —.
22143 No. 10 Band.
P., Sister —.
22144 St. Joseph's Academy.
No. 1 Band.
P., Sister Helen Louise.
22145 No. 2 Band.
P., Sister Mary Edmund.
22146 No. 3 Band.
P., Sister Mary Eulalia.
22147 No. 4 Band.
P., Sister Mary Louis.
22148 No. 5 Band.
P., Sister Florin.
22149 St. Mary's School.
St. Aloysius Band.
P., Sister Mary Lucretia.
22150 St. Joseph's Band.
P., Sister Mary Theodore.
22151 St. Francis Band.
P., Sister Mary Bertha.
22152 Guardian Angel Band.
P., Sister Mary Mercedes.
22153 St. Anthony Band.
P., Sister Mary Mechtilde.
22154 St. Bernchuan Band.
P., Sister Mary Henrietta.
22155 Infant Jesus Band.
P., Sister Mary Hermena.
22156 St. Stanislaus Band.
P., Sister Mary Kostka.
22157 St. Mary's Band.
P., Brother Feltman.
22158 St. Vincent Orphan Asylum.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Martha.
22159 Daisy Band.
P., Sister Seraphine.
22160 St. Vincent Band.
P., Sister Ignatius.
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P., Miss E. M. Johnston.
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P., Miss E. M. Fitzsimmons.
22175 Providence, R. I.
Friendship St. No. 4 Band.
P., Miss E. E. Joslin.
22176 Youngsville, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Margaret Day.
22177 Weaver, Minn.
Buds of Promise Band.
P., Eddie Ferrier.
22178 Madison, S. D.
Junior League Band.
P., Etta M. Morse.
22179 Columbia, S. C.
Benedict Band.
P., Mrs. G. F. Topping.
22180 Walnut Hill, Mass.
Mercy Band.
P., Miss Helen M. Blodgett.
22181 Beloit, Kansas.
Wesleyan Church Band.
P., Edward Creitz.
22182 Pawtucket, R. I.
Washington Band.
P., Miss Ernestine Patterson.
22183 Garfield Band.
P., Miss M. E. Hatch.
22184 Violet Band.
P., Miss Lottie F. Graves.
22185 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss M. J. Ludgate.
22186 Providence, R. I.
Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Lilly McNaughton.
22187 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Luella B. Snow.
22188 Bright Star Band.
P., Miss A. E. Berg.
22189 Garfield Band.
P., Miss F. M. Otis.
22190 Utica, N. Y.
The Protection League Band.
P., Katharine T. Carney.
22191 Plankinton, S. D.
Standby Band.
P., Bertha Downing.
22192 Coventry, Vt.
Mercy Band.
P., Mrs. Kate Hancock.
22193 Columbus, Ohio.
Beck St. School.
Mary M. Dodge Band.
P., Marie Gemmunder.
22194 Star Band.
P., Miss Bauer.
22195 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Schaub.
22196 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Pfleiger.
22197 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Staib.
22198 Fieser School.
Buckeye Band.
P., Anna E. Sims.
22199 Faith, Hope & Charity Band.
P., Miss Hesse.
22200 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Smith.
22201 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss Beem.
22202 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Ackley.
22203 Star Band.
P., Miss Lockhart.
22204 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Gillespie.
22205 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss McGrath.
22206 Hope Band.
P., Miss Glenn.
22207 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Mytinger.
22208 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Schott.
22209 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Lentz.
22210 Fourth St. School.
Union Band.
P., Antoine Mees.
22211 Star Band.
P., Pauline Mees.
22212 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Maetz.
22213 Violet Band.
P., Miss Reither.
22214 Buckeye Band.
P., Miss Hoffman.
22215 Hawthorne Band.
P., Miss Jung.
22216 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Arkeman.
22217 Columbus Band.
P., Miss Tunkopp.
22218 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Guthke.
22219 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Spahr.
22220 Stafford Band.
P., Miss Doe.
22221 Rich St. School.
Busy Bee Band.
P., Mattie Simonton.
22222 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Jones.
22223 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Thompson.
22224 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Palmer.
22225 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Knodever.
22226 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Behren.
22227 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Lee.
22228 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Glenn.
22229 Third St. School.
Mayflower Band.
P., Carl Becker.
22230 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Remmy.
22231 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Martin.
22232 Forest meadow Band.
P., Miss Seiter.
22233 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Balz.
22234 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Katiger.
22235 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Bell.
22236 Horn Band.
P., Miss Witter.
22237 Elton St. School.
Longfellow Band.
P., E. Millie Howald.
22238 Willing Helpers Band.
P., Elsie Howald.

ONLY A LITTLE CAT, BUT SHE MADE THE FUR FLY.

She was only a small black and white cat of humble birth, returning from a little social party in the neighborhood of King and York Streets, Toronto. It was rather late at night, but what of that? Cats keep no count of the hour, and she was as dignified and proper in her bearing as a mature black and white puss need be. There was nothing about her to justify the insolent attitude of a Scotch terrier, who suddenly confronted her with a snarl and a snap. Puss tried to cross the street, but a trolley car was in the way, and the impudent terrier made bold to chase her. She suddenly turned, and the terrier stopped. Her back went up, her tail grew big, and she spat out defiance at her tormentor. The terrier may have been rude, but he was discreet—he kept at a safe distance. Two or three newsboys, a "red-hot" man, and a police officer, were interested spectators. They most un-gallantly sided with the terrier, who was now barking ferociously, but keeping well out of pussy's reach. One of the boys threw a stone at the combatants; it rolled between them, and the terrier's attention was diverted for a moment from his antagonist. It was his first mistake. Puss saw her opportunity and leaped at the terrier, landing fairly on his back. In a second she had her claws full of his hair, and he was running for dear life down the street. Puss held on like a circus rider, contriving to sink her sharp claws into his back at every jump. The crowd followed, shouting. As they passed an alley puss jumped off and disappeared in the darkness. *There is one terrier in Toronto who has had enough fun with cats to last him a lifetime.*

Ontario Advertiser.

THE SAME CAT.

B. V. Wolf, agent of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company in Middletown, N. Y., has a cat that he has for months been trying to get rid of. She has been given to farmers who have taken her miles away to their homes, time after time, but she has never failed to put in an appearance again at the Wolf mansion, after brief absences. The other day Mr. Wolf went to New York. He put the cat in a bag, and placed it under the seat of the car. When the train reached Sterlington, Mr. Wolf dropped the cat out of the window. Sterlington is forty miles from Middletown. Mr. Wolf transacted his business in New York and went home. This was on Tuesday. When he went home to supper on Thursday night and sat down by his heartstone *there was the same cat.* She got up, rubbed herself on her master's legs, and purred in a way that showed how she appreciated his little joke. Wolf sat down and seemed dazed for a minute. Then he stroked the cat fondly, but respectfully, and said, "You can stay here as long as you live if it's a hundred years. I'll get a gold collar for you and tie it full of red ribbons. Pussy, you're a dandy."

DO NOT JUDGE BY CLOTHING.

Boys, do not judge a man by his clothing. A little incident occurred on one of the lines of street cars of this city a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered the car carrying an infant in her arms. As she sat opposite I observed she seemed troubled about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares she said, in a very low voice, "Please sir, I have no money; let me ride this time and some other time I will pay you." "I can hear that story every day," said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice. "You can pay or get off." "Two fares, please," said a pleasant voice, as a toil-worn and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents. "Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept: the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts. This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety, judge a man by his clothing—"For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket."

MRS. PRESIDENT GRANT.

It is doubtful if anything she saw in Chicago pleased Mrs. Grant so much as the discovery of a nest of sparrows in the stirrup of the Grant statue in Lincoln Park. In this snug recess of the great bronze figure the birds built a comfortable home, and remained there unobserved until Mrs. Grant detected them.—*Boston Transcript.*

I AM THE FAMILY CAT.

I can fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done—
For I am the family cat.
I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through sunshine and shower—
For I am the family cat.

From the gooseberry bush,
Or where bright currants blush,
I may suddenly spring
For a bird on the wing,
Or dart up a tree,
If a brown nest I see,
And select a choice morsel
For dinner or tea,
And no one to blame me,
Berate me or shame me—
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night
When the ground is all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long silver line,
I stay not to shiver
In the moonbeam's pale quiver,
But curl up in the house,
As snug as a mouse,
And play Jacky Horner
In the cosiest corner,
Breaking nobody's laws,
With my chin on my paws,
Asleep with one eye, and awake
with the other,
For pats from the children, kind
words from the mother—
For I am the family cat.

NEVER.

Never allow cows to drink water that you would not drink yourself. Milk from common cows when grass fed contains nearly 87 per cent. water. The cow has no filter in her to purify water, and if the water is impure the impurity goes straight into the milk. If a cow drinks 100 pounds of impure water, 87 per cent. of the impurities of that water will be found in the milk.

HOW TO PREVENT A COW FROM MOURNING FOR HER CALF, WHEN IT IS TAKEN AWAY FROM HER.

As an Irishman would say,—"By niver giving it to her!"

During a recent sojourn of four years in Scotland, being frequently invited by "Jeanie," the dairy-maid, to come to the stable at milking time, I became well acquainted with "Primrose," "Buttercup," and "Daisy;" and on one occasion I noticed a very young calf (belonging to them), in a "loose box" at the end of the stable, and remarked to Jeanie that I was surprised to see her milking the cow when the calf was so young! That at home, in America, we always let the calf have all the milk for a week or more, and then fed it with skimmed milk, warmed, etc. But "Jeanie" smiled and said: "We never let them draw the milk at all, in Scotland. As soon as the calf is born it is put in the 'loose box,' with plenty of hay or straw bedding, and fed with all of its mother's milk, while 'warm from the cow.' This is kept up for some time (I do not remember just how long) and then the calf is fed with skimmed milk, warmed and thickened with oatmeal, or other ground food.

And when the time comes to take away the calf, there is no distress on the part of either cow or calf, by means of this simple and excellent plan.

LUCY F. FAWCETT.

Alexandria, Va., Nov. 20, 1894.

[Will some of our readers tell us why the above may not be adopted as the universal practice in this country?]—EDITOR.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman, quarreling with a neighbor. "You couldn't get into them," was the answer.



From Harper's Bazar.

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DON GATOZA—ANGORA CAT.

From National Cat Show, N.Y. Kindly loaned us by "Harper's Bazar."

"GOING A-FISHING."

Under the above head in our June paper, in an article by W. C. Gannett, appeared the following:—

"What will take its place for vacations when fishing ceases to be fun? All that joy which does not consist in making funerals will be left; sunsets and sunrises, flowers and leaves, and woods, and stones, mountain-joy and ocean-joy, and books and men and women. It will not be a tearful world for little boys, after all. Tired men of business will certainly find something to rest them in it. They will not want to go a-killing to be refreshed."

THE FOLLOWING POEM TELLS WHAT TWO FISHERS CAUGHT:

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

WHAT DID WE CATCH?

When we went fishing, Maud and I,
Within the shadowed waters nigh
The mossy bank, that summer day,
The speckled trout in safety lay.

What did we catch? You ask in vain,
If all the angler has to gain
Is trophy of the hook and line—
Then ask his comrades home to dine.

We caught a glimpse of summer skies,
And as we watched a skylark rise
From out the azure depths so fair
We caught the song that thrilled the air.

The fragrant breath of tall pine trees
We caught from every passing breeze,
And in the waters calm and clear
The trout flashed by without a fear.

What did we catch? The joy of life,
And freedom from all care and strife;
We caught the smile on Nature's face
In that enchanted, happy place.

O! many days have passed away
Since Maud and I that summer day
Caught hope and joy and visions fair,
And left the trout to Nature's care.

KATE KELSEY.

Menomonie, Wis.

"Woe to the women who sew pillows to all armholes."—Ezekiel xiii. : 18.

